

The Bad Boy with the Leather Jacket

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The Bad Boy with the Leather Jacket

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Summary

Stiles knew that falling for the bad boy with the leather jacket was the single most cliché thing to do, and yet here he was, falling for the bad boy with the leather jacket.

Notes

written for the kinktober prompt: Leather / Lace

Stiles knew that falling for the bad boy with the leather jacket was the single most cliché thing to do, and yet here he was, falling for the bad boy with the leather jacket.

He was pretty sure it was just the leather jacket he was attracted to. Clearly not the guy in it. Derek Hale was grumpy, annoying and nothing short of the bane of his existence. Which of course meant he was exactly Stiles' type.

Fuck.

He would have been fine with his stupid crush. He was after all the king of ignoring unfortunate crushes, thanks to years of practice with Lydia Martin. And Derek really had nothing on her in terms of ignoring him and flat out refusing to acknowledge his very existence. No, Derek was just grumpy and perpetually annoyed at him.

But then Derek had to climb into his bedroom one night and leave hours later, leaving his damn leather jacket behind. Stiles couldn't stop staring at it.

It was hanging over the back of his desk chair, where Derek had sat all night, reading over stupid online research about Griffins with him. His hand had more than once just rested on Stiles shoulder and Stiles was just too wound up to sleep.

He slipped a hand into his pyjama pants and kept his eyes on the jacket. He lasted all but 5 seconds before he sat up and grabbed it off the chair and rushed back into bed with it. Almost as if he was quick enough it wouldn't be real.

But it was real, it was real and warm in his hands and smelled like Derek. He buried his nose in the collar. The scent was just soothing, nice, musky, not like aftershave but the forest and the clear night's air.

His face stayed right there in the jacket and his hand went back into his pyjamas, curling around his chubbed up cock.

He moaned softly and stroked himself to full hardness. He knew he wasn't going to last, not with the jacket, with Derek's scent pressed against his face. All too soon he spilled over his fingers and into the front of his pants.

He lay there panting heavily, his fingers dragging through the sticky mess, drawing out the last drips even though it was starting to feel painful on his oversensitive cock.

He fell asleep just like that.

Derek cursed softly. The chill of the night hit his bare arms and he stopped. He had left his jacket in Stiles' bedroom.

With a sigh he turned around. He knew that he could just leave it there, but... But Stiles' scent was already all over his own body. He had been in the boy's room for hours, he hadn't

been able to stop himself from touching him.

If he left his jacket there overnight it would be all but soaked in Stiles' scent. His self control was shoddy around the teen on a good day, he didn't need any more temptation as it was.

He stopped under Stiles' bedroom window. His heartbeat was even and regular. He was asleep. Derek pushed himself up, slipping his claws under the window and pushing it up.

The scent hit him as soon as he stepped into the room. His knees almost buckled under him as the wave of want hit him like nothing he was prepared for.

Stiles was indeed fast asleep in his bed. He looked relaxed and Derek wanted to bury his face in him and the sweet scent of his recent orgasm. He wanted to lick him and taste him and push his own scent into his skin to mingle with it.

He closed his eyes, took a deep breath and was just about to push out the window again, clinging to the last remaining shred of his self control, when he saw it. There, right next to Stiles' face, was his leather jacket. The boy had it clutched in his hands, his nose right against the neck where Derek knew his own scent would have been the strongest, maybe strong enough for his human nose to pick it up.

"Derek?" the sleepy voice startled him.

"I... I forgot my jacket," he said.

"Oh," Stiles sat up and the blanket moved as he did. Derek caught a glimpse of his hand as he pulled it from pants.

He didn't mean to move. He really didn't. Except he suddenly was right in front of Stiles, his tongue licking wetly across his palm. His come tasted as good as it smelled.

"Oh," Stiles said again, softly, faintly, like he wasn't quite sure what was happening. But Derek's self control was gone. He kept licking until the hand was clean, then he brushed his nose along Stiles' neck, scenting him, claiming him.

Stiles' lips caught his in a hesitant, dry kiss and before he knew it he was sliding his tongue between Stiles' lips and pressing his body close. Stiles moaned and Derek could already smell his arousal building again.

He pushed his own clothes off, pulled at Stiles' pyjama bottoms and finally managed to climb under the sheets and cover Stiles' body with his own.

They were desperately rubbing and rutting against each other. Stiles shuddered with a soft cry and spilled between their bodies, Derek added to the mess only seconds later.

He knew he should get up, leave, forget this ever happened, but Stiles smelled like contentment, warm and soft and he just curled around him and went to sleep.

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